# NECESSITY

# KNOWS NO LAW.

We have done; great Christmas business in medium weight Clothing, but in consequence of, the unusually mid weather we have a larger amount of

## HEAVY-WEIGHT OVERCOATS ON

than we should have a the time. These goods must be sold, and we propose to put such prices upon them that a few days will carry off this surplus of heavy-weights. We give prices on a few lots, which may be taken as a fair sample of the whole.

It will be worth your while to give this list a careful reading.

#### MEN'S OVERCOATS.

Lot No. 3649, a very long brown \$2.78 Chinchilla Overcoat, sold at \$4, nov

Lot No. 4026, a dark Chinchilla \$3.88 Ulster, worth \$5 to \$6, now sold at Lot No. 4611, a brown Chinchilla Overcoat, single-breasted, fly front \$5 38

Melton, a \$4 Overcoat, now to sell \$2.88

Lot No. 7751, a long Cassimere \$3.88 Ulster, cheap at \$6, now to sell at

#### BOYS' OVERCOATS.

We will name only a few lots. Lot No. 2077, a very desirable knock-about Overcoat, worth \$2.75,\$1.88

Lot No. 2456, fine Black Worsted, strictly all-wool, worth \$7, \$4.65

We have these last-named Overcoats only in ages 13 and 14 years.

#### MEN'S OVERCOATS.

Lots Nos. 8646 and 8658, blue and black, strictly all-wool Beaver Overcoat, single breasted, fly front, bound, cheap at \$12. We will close these lots \$8.38

#### COATS AND VESTS.

Lots 5747 and 5860, Astrachan Coats and Vests; \$7 is the price, but \$4.88 we will dispose of what we have at....\$4.88

### Men's and Boys' Suits.

In heavy-weight Suits we make a decided reduction in stock. To do this we make a decided reduction in price. As a sample of what we mean, we propose to give choice of any of our Men's Suits, heretofore sold at \$22, \$24 and \$28, for TWENTY DOLLARS.

# Original Hagle

5 & 7 West Washington St.

#### TO THE PUBLIC

Those about to build will find it an object to call upon EDWARD SCHURMANN, No. 2 Odd-fellows Hall, Indianapolis, Ind., State Agent for the Chicago Art Glass Company, as we are prepared to UNDERSELL all competitors in Stained, Ornamental or Beveled Plate Glass for Housework. Memorial and Church Windows a specialty.

#### WM. B. BURFORD,

Manufacturer of and dealer in

# BLANK BOOKS,

PRINTER, STATIONER, LITHOGRAPHER.

Bank, County, Mercantile and Railroad Work a specialty. Over 1,000 varieties of legal blanks kept in stock. Correspondence solicited. Estimates furnished for all kinds of work in these lines on application.

INDIANAPOLIS.

#### A BEAUTIFUL PARTY OR OPERA FAN

An Elegant Leather Card Case or Pocket-book, a Bottle of Delicate Perfume, a Piece of Fine China or Cut Glass, Something Nice in Solid Silver, Makes an Appropriate

NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

SEE OUR SHOW-WINDOWS FOR SPECIALTIES.

CHARLES MAYER & CO 29 & 31 West Washington St.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

C. E. KREGELO

125 North Delaware St. NO CHARGE for CHAPEL for services. Only Practical Free Ambulance. Telephone 564.

# NATURAL GAS SUPPLIES.

Tubing, Casing and Pipe, Cordage, Rig Irons, Drilling Tools, Brase Goods, Malleable, Salvanized and Cast-Iron Fittings. Complete line of House-Fittings for Natural Gas.

GEORGE A. RICHARDS,
77 South Illinois Street, Indiana polis, Ind.

#### REMOVAL

TO Nos. 21 & 23 NORTH ILLINOIS STREET.

Larger and Better Accommodations. New Rooms-New Goods. Just received, new lines of Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, Toilet Sets, Chamber Sets. Also, NEW and ELEGANT STYLES OF LAMPS.

F. P. SMITH & CO.

#### The Waste of Natural Gas.

Natural gas is not decreasing, but the con-sumption is increasing. This is what is the matter with Findlay. It is in the very centre of the gas field. It rushed into the business of free gas. It went into debt a million in order to attract manufacturers. This seemed to be all right; but what is the result? There is no check upon consumers. There are no meters. Gas is not only used but it is wasted. The improvident live upon these who are more careful. The result is people are found hunting in the midst of the gas wells for wood to cook their breakfast. This is not because gas is giving out, but because it is wasted. This is something the people of Toledo should make a note of. They cannot afford to exhaust the supply by a course of wastefulness. By the same process our forests were destroyed. It was supposed there was no end to the forests, but there proved to be. It has also been supposed there would be no end to the supply of natural gas, but this is a mistake. It is proving a mistake at Findlay. It will prove a mistake at Toledo. It will prove a mistake in every gasfield. The meters should therefore be applied neld. The meters should therefore be applied in every house where natural gas is used, in order that everybody may pay for what he uses, and no more, and in order that no one shall waste the material at the expense of his neighbor or at the risk of exhausting the general supply. " " Wastefulness should be stopped, and every one should be taxed for what he actually uses. This is the way to equalize the charges; to make everybody pay for what he uses and no more, and to prevent for what he uses and no more, and to prevent the premature exhaustion of the supply. Our forests have been exhausted by wastefulness. Now let us see that natural gas is not exhausted by the same process.

Cruel Treachery.

"Ethel," said Lionel Bertram Jones, as he dropped his slice of bread in the plate with a noise that set the canary in the gilt cage over-head chirping merrily. "Ethel, I have some-thing to say to you."

They had been married only four weeks, and the time had not yet arrived when she did all

"Do you remember the day on which I pro-"Yes," she replied, "I will never forget it."
"Do you remember," he went on, as he abstractedly drilled a hole in the loaf with the point of a carving-knife, "how, when I rang the bell, you came to the door with your fingers

your little brother who wanted to get in?" "O Ethei! How could you? How could you?"
"How could I what?" she responded, as a guilty look crept into her face. "How could you make me the victim of such

sticky with dough, and said you thought it was

Show-Window Displays Aid Crime.

A well-known Boston detective says of the displays in our show-windows: "It may look queer, but it is true, that the stores which have large exhibitions in their show-windows do more toward educating young boys to steal than anycrowds, mostly women, gather about the windows to look at the displays. Well, a young gamin comes along and sees a pocket-book protruding out of a woman's pocket, and the temptation is so great that he sneaks up behind her and steals the wallet. Maybe this is his first time, but when once given a start in this direction there seems to be a kind of infatuation about it which leads him to follow it up, and oftentimes results in his becoming a professional house-breaker."

A Slight Improvement.

New York Sun.

"Young man," said the conductor, "to baccochewing is not allowed in the ladies' car." "I am not chewing tobacco," replied the young man, with some severity; "I am chewing gum." "Well, for heaven's sake," said the conductor, pulling out from his pocket his box of Old Com fort, "here, take a chew of tobacco."

A Blow at the "Best Girl."

The "flower trust" is the latest, and it puts up the prices of the flowers that bloom in bothouses. This adds one more class to those who are opposed to trusts. The "best girls" will now want to know what is going to be done about these trusts anyway.

#### CLARA BELLE'S SUNDAY TALK

The New York Girl Becomes a Pedestrian of the Most Charming Description.

Story Going to Show that It Is Impossible to Rob the Standard Oil Company-Changes in Holiday Costumes of the Metropolis.

special to the Indianapolis Journal New York, Dec. 29 .- For several years the New York girl has been developing into more and more of a persistent pedestrian, regardless of temperature or humidity, disdainful of showers or blizzards, and the result is that we are getting the stoutest, pinkest feminine population you can imagine, and the streets are decorated these cold afternoons like gardens as a delight to the masculine eye. In all the legions of walkers the most attractive is the girl who sticks with persistant good taste to Fifth avenue. She might be called a daisy among roses. She seems always to have a cultivated air, an impressive style, and a delicate .nind. While she is not always beautiful, she looks willing to be, and does her best to attain beauty. Whether she traveis alone, with a dog, or in a school parade, there is always that gazelle-like expression in the eye, which seems to apologize to the world for the fortitude of appearing in the open air. One cannot adequately describe the strictly Fifth-avenue girl. She has the appearance of timidity and absolute security at one and the same time. Nothing escapes her, while she seems wholly unaware of everything. She gives no indication of embarrassed consciousness as she passes by a club-house, but when she meets her girl-friend on the next block she is able to tell her who the men in the window were, and which one made remarks about her "stunning figger." There is no comprehending or classifying the Fifth-avenue girl who walks. We can only admire her and wish her luck. She is doubtless the prize female pedestrian of the town. As she brushes along pedestrian of the town. As she brushes along in her sympathetic, skirt-rustling way, I declare to you that she can often throw as much poetry into her glad, graceful stride as our friend Mr. Swinburne is accustomed to infuse into a roundel. You ought to see her.

"What will the lady have next?" This question is suggested by a sure-enough circus that members of supreme society in New York intend giving in the near future. At the country house of James Waterbury, in New Jersey, a genuine sawdust ring will provide space for antics of all natures. There will be clowns, trapeze acts, bare-back riding, trained-dog performances and aerial flights. If a neck is broken it is sad to think that McAllister's cohort will then number only 399, a figure which lacks euphony and style.

Another new and brilliant entertainment made possible by superabundant wealth and health is the one that William Rockefeller, the Standard Oil king, is providing for his friends. Mr. Rockefeller's residence, on Fifty-fourth street, just off of Fifth avenue, has the remarkable advantage for New York of standing in an isolated position, with wide grounds on either side. The area of land surrounding his house is equal to about ten city lots, and recently he has had this floored solidly over, and a high wooden fence built inside the iron one. It was at first difficult for the neighbors to tell what the strange motive in doing this was. But the fact is, Mr. Rockefeller has converted his grounds into a skating pond, and, during the winter, intends to give a series of jolly carnivals on the ice, followed by smoking hot suppers in his immense house. You see how quaintly our wealthy citizens may enjoy themselves if they have the inclination

and the territory.

Speaking of Mr. Rockefeller's house reminds me of an unusual incident, which shows how well organized and alert he and his neighbors are in their provisions against the ambitious burglar. You must know that on one corner of Fifty-fourth streeet and Fifth avenue lives Henry M. Flagler, of the Standard Oil Company; on the other, John Rockefeller, brother of William, and opposite are the Twombley-Webb houses, the abodes of two of W. H. Vanderbilt's married daughters. Just back of the latter is William Rockefeller. Well, a daring but indiscreet burglar's adventure has not hitherto been published. He ran up William's stoop one cold night, or rather morning, vaulted cleverly over that high iron fence, ran across the grounds, scaled the rear wall into the yard of a house on Fifty-third street, and at that instant the burglar was practically in Sing Sing. The moment he raised the kitchen window of the Fifty-third-street house, an alarm was rung the Fifty-third-street house, an alarm was rung in the residence of every person I have named, besides several others in the vicinity—a score of windows were immediately illuminated, a gen-tleman pushed his head out of one, shouted for the police, and the burglar thought he had struck the central station of a telephone com-pany. A friend of mine chanced to be passing pany. A friend of mine chanced to be passing at the time, and saw the exciting process of capture, which was not effected until the thief had been shot in the leg. The next day, in court, he told Mr. Rockefeller a bright and proud story of how he had tried to work his little game, and within forty-eight hours he was journeying up the river to the secluded retreat for criminals. He had pleaded guitty, and that is why the case went unreported. This shows how impossible it is to break through and steel anything helong. it is to break through and steal anything belong-

Holiday week brings to New York an absence of its pretentiously fashionable women. From year to year they have more and more built up the custom of going away from town for Christmas and New Year's day. They first destroyed the stylishness of New Year's calls, something which their honored Dutch ancestors had instistituted; they have done their iconoclastic work so thoroughly that next Tuesday there will be hardly any calls ontside of tenement-houses. Their attack upon Christmas is more recent, and it consists in celebrating the holiday in a manner not possible to most people. The building of bandsome country residences, and their occupation for six or eight months of the year, is an English usage which New York swells have taken up; and to these places the owners have gone for Christmas week, taking along guests erough to merrily fill the rural premises. If money could have bought cold weather and snow, the programme of sleighing, skating and tobogganing would have been carried out fully; but the indoor pastimes of dancing, private theatricals and other parlor entertainments have been indulged in very richly. So numerous were the absentees from "society" that when Mrs. James Brown Potter began her season, on Christmas eve, the only theater party present was one chaperoned by Mrs. Hicks-Lord, although an active and influential friend of Mrs. Potter had made an industrious round of pretentious families to beam the response of this settless. ilies to boom the reappearance of this actress. In one other respect the Christmas doings of the nobs justifles mention. That is in the matter of gifts. Of course, when a woman is the wife or daughter of a millionaire, the costliness of a Christmas present has no significance. It is all the same to her whether she pays \$500 or \$5 for an article. In order to prove the heartfelt sincerity of the token, she this year made it something that cost time instead of money. If it was a purchased article, she added needle-work, painting or other embellishment by here we hands. by her own hands. As a socially active matron or maiden has no time to spare, the sacrifice of an hour or two conveyed more meaning than a great many dollars of expenditure, and if a gitt from her represented a whole day of work it was something to be very highly appreciated. I don't believe that in many a year the grandfathers of society have been more at odds with the younger members than over this change in Christman featigities. Christmas festivities. A home turkey dinner and a Christmas tree were long-established and time-honored features of the day, and the old people objected to their abolition; but the young folks have in most instances triumphed over opposition, and most of the Fifth avenue mansions have been deserted all week, even by most of their servants, who have been temporarily transferred to the country houses.

How does the idea strike you of an institution which, like the French academy, should confer upon its highly distinguished members certain glories very hard to get and very resplendent to all observers, but in which the transcendent participants of the fame conveyed should be none others than McAllister's Four Hundred? This is not a joke. A serious enterprise, no matter how ridiculous it may appear, is to pur- | Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer. chase the spacious and beautiful house in Fifth avenue formerly occupied by Pierre Lorillard, outfit it for the balls and their accompanying suppers, and make it exclusive to the stockholders, who should consist of no others than recognized members of McAllister's band. A circular, very private and particular, has woods. The engine was not damaged, but it been quietly circulated among the fifty took a good deal of time and trouble to get it sponsors of the McAllister balls—that is, the out of the hole.

of the same composition, who dance, eat and drink so famously at Delmonico's. The plan is to buy the Lorillard house, at \$300,000, alter and refurnish it at a cost of another hundred thousand, and then form a company of four hundred shareholders, at a thousand dollars apiece. No name is suggested, but I should think that McAllister's Academy would be suitable. The premises would be positively sacred to the four hundred, for no other entertainments than theirs would be given therein, and thus they would be still further distinguished

from common people than they are already.

The calculation of the promoters of this scheme is economical as well as expensive, by which I mean that the entertainments are to be gotten up at lower cost than the prices now paid to Delmonico. By the way, there came pretty near to being a scandal over the champagne at the last Patriarchs' ball. The brand of wine was not the same that had previously been supplied on similar occasions, and on inquiry it was learned that Bradley Martin, a leader among the wealthy swells, had purchased it in Paris, and sent it over. The charge was impulsively made that Martin was interested in the American introduction of a champagne not hitherto known here. But that was nonsense, of course, and I am able to explain his sole motive, which was that the particular wine in question has become a favorite in the Prince of Wales set, in London. Martin found this out while there, and aimed merely to put the New York anglomaniacs up to it. Writing of wine, it was said in this correspondence last week that Kate Field had been engaged as a boomer of California clarets. I see that the fair Kate is now out with an interview in denial of my account. Now, I happen to have in my possession a resolution of the California Vinicultural Association making the appropriation of money for Kate's mission, and I am able to further say that that her contract calls for a public lecture in praise of the California product, to be delivered very soon in this city. Kate and I won't quarrel—unless she denies the truth too Frances Hodgson Burnett is regarded a

her eccontricities of dress and behavior, and her

oddity of appearance. Her conspicuousness in town is due to the stage use of her story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Boston lionized her, I believe, but the metropolis is inclined to be amused with her. Washington is her home. The Burnetts have bought a pretty house on Massachusetts avenue, at the capital, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets, and Mrs. Burnett will fill it with her foreign bric-a-brac, and take her place again in the literary and social coteries. It has frequently been printed that her youngest son is the hero in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," but few people realize that Mrs. Burnett's Vivien is no longer little; that he is in his teens, and taller than his mother. Mrs. Burnett's new home is only three squares from the magnificent mansion of Mrs.
Madeline Vinton Dahlgren, whose acquaintance
has followed her friend since Mrs. Burnett's has followed her friend since Mrs. Burnett's first effort, when few people foresaw the popular authoress of to-day in the struggling writer of fifteen years ago. No woman has ever had a more brilliant social life than the widow of Admiral Dahlgren, and although her substantial income makes it unnecessary for her to supplement it by literary work, Mrs. Dahlgren has more pleasure in her little study, at her writing table, penning tales of the world and of the society that she knows so well than she would have surrounded by its glamour and glitter.

Opposite Mrs. Dahlgren's, in a little brick house, set back from the street, lives George Kennan, whose account of a journey through Kennan, whose account of a journey through Russia, although no better work than is common Russia, although no better work than is common in the newspapers, gets more prominence because it appears in the Century Magazine. The walls of his library are hung with souvenirs of his journey through Siberia, and each one breathes and lives in some tragic tale. Mrs. Kennan is not overshadowed by her husband, but stands with him, shoulder to shoulder, helping him through the dark hours which come now and then to all writers, but always proud of and rejoicing in his successes. A little lower down, on Massachusetts avenue, is the home of A. R. Spofford, the librarian of Congress. Miss Spofford is a little woman. She is her father's companion in his literary labors, but she finds time to fulfill her social duties and to take an active part in the literary society of which her father

part in the literary society of which her father was for many years the president. It is funny to go to the Metropolitan Operahouse and regard the establishment as a museum, in which, instead of wax-works, the exhibits are the families of our millionaires. As the latest sale of a box fixed the value at \$32,000, to which investment must be added heavy annual assessments and the cost of fine costumes, it will be seen that every box is bound to be composed of exponents of extreme wealth. It is true that poor relations and impecunious beaux get into these tableaux, but the majority of the figures are genuinely golden statues. Although most of the people who pay \$5 apiece for orchestra seats are accustomed to opera occasions, there are many in the audience who are casions, there are many in the audience who are merely there for once, and as a matter of curiosity alone. These persons find in the pamphlet programme a list of box-owners, which serves them as a catalogue of the curiosities, and with this list in \$\frac{1}{2}\$ hand they scrutinize the box exhibits, one after another, through operaglasses. If the swells in the box are noisily indifferent to the comfort of the rest of the audience, these gazars at them are still more coulty. dience, these gazers at them are still more coolly audacious. Watching the goings-on, the other evening, I noted that the two boxes occupied by Astors and the four by different branches of the Vanderbilt family were favored above others by the leveled glasses; but Jay Gould was a close Vanderbilt family were favored above others by the leveled glasses; but Jay Gould was a close up to the time that he succeed in getting "Mr. Barnes of New York" before the public, they counted eleven glasses simultaneously aimed at | would hesitate. If they could go into any newslacking in this show of wealth was a big label on each exhibit, so that the spectators should be enabled not only to know to what family it belonged, but exactly what individual member thereof it was. CLARA BELLE.

"Lowis the Light." New York Letter, in Baltimore American. Some strange characters one meets on the streets of the town, but none stranger than that of a Brooklyn man by the name of Lewis, who is perhaps the most eccentric of all men. He is known far and wide as "Lewis the Light," and in order that no one may mistake him, wears a cap upon the edge of which are the words "Lewis the Light." He is a clerical-looking fellow, wearing the ministerial broadcloth and knee-breeches. You may meet him on Broadway or on the Brooklyn bridge walking rapidly while he gazes at the heavens above. He is rather handsome. His hair is black and his whiskers well trimmed. The children in certain parts of Brooklyn seem to know him by sight. and the oddest of Brooklyn men is always pleased when they address him as "Lewis the Light." His idiosyncrasies take much the form of those of those of our other distinguised fellow-"citizen," Hon. George Francis Train, who may be seen standing at high noon in front of the Continental Hotel, on Broadway. Mr. Train is a benevolently-inclined old gentleman, who is af-flicted with very fantastical ideas about revolu-tions and reforms. In summer he holds daily receptions in Madian-square, while in winter he lectures or keeps a stove warm in the hotel at which he lives in some sort of eccentric style. Years ago he was one of the great thinkers of the times, but of late only attracts attention as a pitiful spectacle of a once vigorous man men-tally. Lewis the Light is like Mr. Train, a reformer who has odd ideas about everything in general and about religion in particular.

A Profound and Deep Novel.

Pittsburg Dispatch. A lady, a day or two ago, went into a store where they are selling books wonderfully cheap, and, approaching a counter over which a charming young saleswoman presided, asked: "Have you got John Halifax?" "No," was the saleswoman's reply, "we're just out of 'John Halifax,' but here's 'John Nicholson'-will that do?" The lady thought it would not do. But the lit-tle sales wowan was determined to effect a sale. So she went on: "Do you like deep books, ma'sm? Here's 'Ten Thonsand Leagues Under the Sea'—that's a very deep novel."

Economy in Japan.

For generations a certain Japanese family had a box into which they put percentages. Said one of them: "If I want to buy a garment that costs \$1 I buy it for 80 cents; or give a feast that would cost \$5 I give it for \$4; or to build a house for \$100 I build it for \$80 and put the balances in the box. At the end of the year we meet, open the boxes and give the contents to the poor. It costs us some self-dental, but we are always prosperous and happy."
They call this worshiping "the Great Bright
God of Self-restraint."

The Fireman's Dream.

A negro fireman, while asleep on his engine in the round house of the Louisville & Nashville railroad at Birmingham, dreamed that he bad received a signal to back out, and pulled the lever, blew the whistle, rang the bell and backed the engine into the turn-table pit. The jar occasioned by the fall of the engine into the pit awakened him, and he immediately took to the

Newspaper Offices Flooded with Applications

from Amateurs-Few Men Draw Prizes. Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

New York, Dec. 27 .- "I think every young man and young woman in this town want to go into journalism." The speaker was one of the best known man-

aging editors in New York city, and he passed his hand over his troubled brow as he spoke. "I get about forty applications per day from men and women who want to become journalists and the proprietor of this paper gets twice as many more. A young man whom I know to be making \$190 per week in the dry goods business

came to me this morning and offered to work for \$25 per week as a reporter. It makes me a trifle weary. If these young men and women knew how many blanks there are in this lottery and how few prizes drawn they would quit." This managing editor was in a bad humor, but he was all right as to facts. There isn't a newspaper office in town that isn't flooded with applications for work. The prizes in New York journalism are few. You are reasonably sure of drawing a blank pretty nearly every time.

There are more than one thousand hard-working newspaper men in New York city. Outside of their own offices and the New York Press Club not a dozen of them are known to the general public. Those who are known outside of New York could almost be counted upon the fingers The men who have drawn prizes cannot them-selves tell you how they did it. All they know is that they started at the bottom and got there—somehow. Three of the brightest working newspaper men in New York to-day—and, singularly enough, their proper names begin with the same letter "C"—John A. Cockerill, Amos Cummings and Foster Coates, unique figure here in New York, the result of

> and in an unconscious but happy moment, threw about a pound of lead type in his face. He was discharged, became a reporter, and is now a leading managing editor. When asked the other day how he came to succeed, he said, laughingly: "I hardly know, but I think that handful of type did it."
> This is not intended to encourage printers'

started from the printer's case. The latter,

just about the time when his trade was learned,

and while still a boy, was insulted by a superior,

devils to throw type around, but as an illustra-Charles A. Dana is, perhaps, the most fam-ous of the men who have drawn prizes. As editor of the Sun he draws a salary of \$25,000 per year, and, from other sources, his income is swelled to about \$150,000 per year, upon which he manages to live very comfortably, aided by a French cook, whose income is bigger than that of a Congressman. Dana started on the New York Tribune at a salary of \$12 per week. He started in a small way from a town in the in-

Joseph Pulitzer, of the World, is said to clear \$2,000 per day. He is not a working journalist now, but not many years ago he was an ordi-nary reporter in St. Louis, and they say he was

Whitelaw Reid, as a matter of form, draws a salary of some \$14,000 per year from the Tribune, but his income from his stock in the paper is several times this amount, and he is the son-in-law of D. O. Mills. These are about the only editors-in-chief who are known outside of New York. There are three or four more who draw good salaries, but they are not known to the general public.

John A. Cockerill is one of the working managing editors and newspaper men, and draws a salary of \$15,000 per year from the World and has an interest in it besides. Cockerill was a typo and fought his way up from the

Amos Cummings is said to have an income of \$15,000 per year. He was a compositor and a private in the Union army during the rebellion, and he too came from the bottom up to where Chester A. Lord, the managing editor of the Sun, has a salary of \$7,500 per year. He started on a small paper in the interior of this State

and had to work hard for success. But he is little known outside of New York. George F. Spinney, as managing editor of the New York Times, has a salary of about \$7,000 per year. But he has been a hard work-ing journalist all his life, and the salary is not so much. He, too, is little known outside of New

Foster Coates, of the Mail and Express, is one of the youngest and best known of newspaper men, and, as has been before stated, he started as a printer's devil. He gets about the same as a printer's devil. He gets about the same salary that the other managing editors do. There are probably fifty or sixty men who are simply writers, like Blakely Hall and Julian Ralph, who earn anything from \$50 to \$150 per week, but, with the exception of the men named, and four or five more, they are never heard or spoken of except in their own homes and circles.

spoken of except in their own homes and circles.
These may seem pretty good salaries to work for. But there is something.

There are several hundred men in New York, such as John A. McCaull, of the Equitable Life Insurance Company; President Hyde, of the Mutual Life; Henry E. Abbey, the theatrical manager; a couple of scores of bank presidents; Mary Anderson, who is just at present earning some \$12,000 per week, who get double, and some of them much more than double as much salary as any of the newspaper men pamed.

Salary as any of the newspaper men named.

At the Fifth-avenue Hotel, the other night, Archie Gunter, the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," was a lion. He was more courted than any one at the hotel, and most of the young men around him are ambitious to become eaper office and see how long and how hard men work for small salaries, they would hesitate some more. And if they could go into some other places and see some of the wrecks that the tides of the years have cast up on the shores of journalism, they would go into some other busi-DAVID WECHSLER.

NUDITY IN NORWICH.

How Patrons of Art in That Old Connecticut Town Reconstructed Statues.

Norwich (Conn.) Special. To the critic and the lover of art in its prietine form the handsome Slater Memorial Museum lately thrown open to the public in this city is an irremediable failure, owing to the pruriency of the puritanical people of Norwich.
In 1885 William A. Slater, millionaire son of the freeman's friend, selected Edward Robinson, curator of antiquity in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, for the laborious task of securing reproductions of all the famous Greek and Roman statues for the Slater Memorial Museum. Several years were spent by Mr. Robinson in traveling the world over, and he finally gathered a collection which, for its size, is pronounced by the best of critics to be one of the finest in either this or any other country. One by one the casts of the famous warriors

and the reproductions of Grecian art arrived, and were set up in the museum upon their future pedestals in their crude naturalness.

The trustees and officials of the Norwich Academy, upon which institution the gift was bestowed, together with Mr. Slater and others, then came to view them for the first time and were borror-struck. False modesty has offset pure art, and hasty followed by deliberate con-sultations were held, which resulted in the

mandate of mutilation going forth.

It was claimed that the effect of statues as they originally were upon the students of the Academy, both male and female, for whose benefit and study the museum had been collected, would be bad, and that morality would be fast succeeded by immorality. To obviate such a deterioration it was upanimously agreed to "reduce" the superlative points of the natural gal-

The Italian semptors from Boston were instructed, but it was some time before they could grasp the meaning of the order, and it was with

reluctance that they obeyed.

Time wore on, and the fig and palm leaves, vastly more suggestive to the youth and maiden, succeeded the simplicity of pature, and when the museum was thrown open its instigators were supremely happy in their destructive work.

One beautiful figure, however, escaped their unnaturally critical, but Argus eyes; It was that of the "Dying Gaul," and for several days he escaped the scrutiny of the Connecticut

The students, however, found him out and riewed him from an artistic stand-point. When it became noised about that one statue in its uncurtailed nudity was standing, there was con-sternation in official circles, and the museum was locked up until the hammer and chisel

could be effectually used.

This has been done, and the museum is now considered to be in a respectable condition. All connoiseeurs of fine arts in the city are heartily indignant over the seemingly false modesty displayed by those connected with what might have been a perfect museum, and visiting critics, many of whom have come miles to see it, make similar expressions.

The Highest Order of Animal Life.

To one of the well-advanced classes the question was asked. "What is the highest form of animal life?" "The giraffe," was the immediate response from a bright member of the class.